

## Miscellany.

## LET HIM WRITE.

Let him write what he will upon our hearts  
With his unerring pen. They are his own,  
Hewn from the rock by his selecting grace,  
Prepared for his own glory. Let him write.  
Be sure he will not cross out one sweet word  
But to inscribe a sweeter—but to grave  
One that shall shine forever to his praise,  
And thus fulfill our deepest heart desire.  
The tearful eye at first may read the line—  
"Bondage to grief!" but he shall wipe away  
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read,  
In ever-brightening letters—"Free to Serve!"  
For whom the Son makes free, is free indeed.  
—[Frances Ridley Havergal.]

## A USE FOR OLD STREET-CARS.

Scores of articles have been written telling what becomes of faithful, worn-out street-car horses, but never yet has a newspaper stated where the old street-cars go to. Ask Brighton people. The back yards out there are full of them, and every day their number is increasing. Strangers cannot understand how so many of the cars have got off the track. It seems to them as if there must have been a tidal wave which washed all the Cambridge cars into the next town. There the "Cambridge Railroad" is stranded, its coaches cast high and dry against hills and into hollows.

What was to be done with old cars? The street-railroad companies asked themselves. It would cost more to split them up than they would fetch for kindling. But Cambridge has a bright man named Sturtevant. While the West end was wondering if it would not be the cheapest way to take the cars out by the shipload and dump them in some place where they would not interfere with navigation, he stepped in and bid for thirty-six of them. He got thirty-six. Then he adroitly put one in the back yard of a friend in Brighton and told the children they might use it for a playhouse. The children were "tickled about to death." They sat up nights to use the car, and never did the advance coach of Barnum's circus or Sarah Bernhardt's car attract more attention. The little folks came for miles and peered through the pickets of the fence. Then they went home and teased for a street-car, and kept right on teasing. That first car was like the first boy's bicycle in an out-of-the-way town; it created a demand. In a few days Mr. Sturtevant began to make sales. It got so at last that when people ordered them Mr. Sturtevant would ask unconsciously, "How many?" as if he were selling eggs.

People with a large number of children found that they must have several; and now one can tell about how many young ones Brighton men have got by counting the cars in his yard and allowing three children to each car. Mothers found they could put their small children inside and, shutting the doors, leave them with a feeling of security. It was the cheapest way, too, in many cases to provide shade. The cars could be secured for \$5 apiece, while not much stock was to be bought from the nurseries for that money. Then also it was necessary to wait for trees to grow, and by the car method a whole nursery was forthcoming. So the cars were secured, dragged by horses into back yards, and the trucks removed from under them. Then the brakes were taken off, and now there they lie like dismantled ships, and like a ship something of sentiment clusters around them. At first they were thought of only as playhouses. One purchaser concluded to turn his into a henhouse. Another is a contractor, and pays his men every Saturday night from the old car. Another, a Kendrick street man, has fixed up his as a carpenter shop for his boy. One woman in Cambridge wanted to buy ten cars, and wheeling them down to the seashore, convert them into cottages and bath houses, shifting their position with the tide. She thought that two or more could be joined together, one to be used for a sleeping car. But the owners of the beach would not sell her land for this purpose.

The contractor before mentioned is building a basement under one of his cars and is painting it. He talks of putting a railing round the top and buying a few flowers, so that he can have a roof-garden. More than one car has been pre-empted for nocturnal purposes. The cats find them a glorious place to snooze while the wind plays gently with the quaint old dainty curtains. One boy has converted half of his car into a dove-house. The barbers and Chinese laundrymen are now after cars, but the supply is running short. If they cannot get any they say that they may buy watering carts and put windows in them. One of the playhouses is used during the evenings as a club house by children of a larger growth. The lamps are handy, and when a light is necessary the blinds are pulled up to shut off the sight of card-playing. One mother has rigged up a cord running from the house to the bell in the car and can call her offspring without moving. Several mothers have taken the straps out of the cars and are using them to excellent advantage. Some of the cars have colored glass, gothic-shaped windows, and it is rumored that the Salvation Army wants one for a chapel.—[Boston Transcript.]

## A LANDSLIDE IN THE MAINE WILDERNESS.

When Nature does anything in the vast northern Maine wilderness, she does it on a grand scale, and now comes news of a landslide there, compared with which the famous avalanche of the Crawford notch was but child's play. One evening not long ago, during one of the thunder-showers, lightning struck the summit of Mt. Baker, which

rears its head about twenty miles northwest of the Katahdin Iron Works. Mr. Randall, who lives alone in his camp about five miles from the mountain, heard amid the crashes of thunder a long-drawn roaring unlike anything he had heard before. In the morning he started out to find whence the sound came. One glance at Baker Mountain solved the mystery. Thousands of tons of rock, loosened rapidly by the lightning shock, had ploughed a trough an eighth of a mile wide from summit to base of the peak. For several miles the enormous trees had been swept before the avalanche and buried under twenty-five feet of gravel. The news reached the lower settlements a day or two later, being borne by the thick, muddy water that changed the character of Lyford ponds, Silver Lake, and Pleasant River. An expedition started northward to learn the cause of this mud, and heard the whole story on arrival at Randall's camp.—[Lewiston Journal.]

## HOW THE COURT GOT STATIONERY.

When the court on an extremely western circuit was convened and the business was about to begin, it was discovered that there were neither pens, ink nor paper for the use of the bench or the bar.

"How is this, Mr. Clerk?" inquired the judge.

"There is no money allowed for it by the county, sir, and we can't get the articles without money."

The judge made several remarks not at all complimentary to the county.

"I've been in a good many courts," put in a pompous and pedantic lawyer from the East, temporarily to try a case, "but this is the worst I ever saw."

The judge jumped him on the spot. "You are fined \$10 for contempt, sir," he thundered. "Hand the fine to the clerk, sir."

Mr. Lawyer kicked, but he had to hand over the money or go to jail, and the judge wouldn't have it any other way.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, when the fine had been handed him, "go out and get all the pens, ink and paper necessary for the use of this court, and give the gentleman back his change," and the clerk did as he was ordered, and the visiting attorney maintained a discreet silence.—[From the Detroit Free Press.]

## IF HE WAS RIGHTLY INFORMED.

I heard a story the other day of that now rare official, an old-fashioned clergyman. He is settled over no church, but having been for a long time in one parish he has performed the marriage ceremony for two generations, and baptized as many, and is always asked either to tender the last rites to the dead, or, at least, to assist in that solemn office.

He is always very comforting to mourners, for the departed is sure of heaven. But as he grew older, his prayers grew longer and tiresome. One day the mother of a little family died suddenly and the bereaved husband sent for their regular minister and said:

"I must invite old Dr. Blank, for he married us, and my wife loved him, but I can't endure his remarks. I want you to give him a small part of the service to save his feelings."

The pastor thought he must give his senior the prayer, but judge of his chagrin when the old gentleman, after a fulsome panegyric of the deceased, said:

"And O Lord who will take the mother's place with these dear little children, two of them, if we are rightly informed."—[Boston Herald.]

## OWN OUR OWN HOMES.

The census office at Washington has made public the principal results of the investigations of the farm and home proprietorship which was made in all the states and territories. This is the first investigation of the kind ever conducted for this or any other country. Of the 12,690,152 families in the whole country, 47.80 per cent own their farms and homes, and 52.20 per cent hire; and of the families owning their farms and homes 27.97 per cent have incumbrances thereon and 72.03 per cent no incumbrance. The number of resident owners of land in the United States is 6,066,417, plus such a number of land-owners as may be living in tenant families.

The farm families number 4,767,179, of which 65.92 per cent own their own farms and 34.8 per cent hire, while of the owning families 28.22 per cent have incumbrances on their farms and 71.68 per cent have none. In 1880 2556 per cent of the farms were hired. The results for 7,992,973 home families are that 36.90 per cent own their homes and 63.10 per cent hire them, while of the owning families 27.70 per cent own their homes subject to incumbrance and 72.30 per cent are free. Among cities having 1,000,000 population and over New York has the highest percentage of home tenancy, namely, 93.67; Boston is next, with 81.57 per cent. The value of the 1,696,890 farms and homes subject to incumbrance is \$5,687,298,069, and the incumbrance on them is \$2,132,949,563, or 37.50 per cent of the value.

## IMPORTANT TO BOYS.

[Written for the CALEDONIAN.]

Several weeks ago, on a farm less than ten miles, as the crow flies, from St. Johnsbury, two boys escorted a good sized shepherd dog into a field of corn, at about 10 p. m. This ceremony was occasioned by the fact that a party composed of Mr. Racque Coon and others of his "set" had held nightly

banquets the week before, the most toothsome item in the bill of fare being corn-on-cob; prized by feasters more even than quail on toast. The party entered the field on the side next to some woods. In a few minutes the dog got into an animated debate with the leading reveler, touching the question of the right of eminent domain. When the boys came up they found that their canine ally was second best in the discussion, so one of them, having a stone in his hand of the goose egg species, hurled it at the leading disputant, hitting the dog square on the forehead, who at once "retreated." His contestant, seeing his antagonist's reserves drawn up in line of battle, sought safety in the woods.

Later, two animate beings, bearing the inanimate form of a third, moved slowly towards the house. Their bearing was abject, disconsolate, even lugubrious. After convalescence, recuperation and recovery the dog was again invited to visit the same field at 10 p. m.; but he declined with unstinted thanks. Neither coaxing nor coercion administered separately, severely, or seductively or in a mixed state, shook the dog's decision.

We think he soliloquized in this manner: "I believe the fellow that I 'jawed' with in that corn-field just toyed with me for the practice and fun that he got out of it, while he ripped my hide open in more places than I've got toes on both fore feet, and then hit me a crack in the head with his fist that sent me hurtling across the field and over the road into the wood-shed, where I found myself when I came to. I certainly don't feel competent to debate with him on any topic and I'll never go near that corn-field again as long as I wear curly hair, so help me St. Bernard."

Moral: Boys must have good aims.

## TEACHING THE CAT A LESSON.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course, this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course, the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again to-day."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said, fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race, as usual, over the side of the bath tub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing room and a wet flash into the sewing room. Near the door of this room stood a perch on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless, and the adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms, the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price \$65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he surveyed the scene of the wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said the wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.—[New York Tribune.]

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## Legal Notices.

## Probate of Will.

DAVID W. CHOATE'S ESTATE.  
STATE OF VERMONT, Caledonia District, ss. In Probate court, held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, within and for said district, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1894.

An instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of David W. Choate, late of Peacham, in said district, deceased, being presented to court by Elsie C. Merrill, one of the executors therein named, for probate.

It is ordered by said court that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said court, to be held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, on the 29th day of September, A. D. 1894, and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said will; for which purpose it is further ordered that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively in the Caledonian, printed at St. Johnsbury previous to said time appointed for hearing.

By the Court, Attest:

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

A true copy of record, Attest:

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

## Probate of Will.

HARRIET S. MOORE'S ESTATE.  
STATE OF VERMONT, Caledonia District, ss. In Probate court, held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, within and for said district, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1894.

An instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Harriet S. Moore, late of Barnet, in said district, deceased, being presented to court by Laura Moore, the executrix therein named, for probate.

It is ordered by said court that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said court, to be held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, on the 29th day of September, A. D. 1894, and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said will; for which purpose it is further ordered that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively in the Caledonian, printed at St. Johnsbury previous to said time appointed for hearing.

By the Court, Attest:

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

A true copy of record, Attest:

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

## Presentation of Account.

JAMES W. WEBB'S ESTATE.  
STATE OF VERMONT, Caledonia District, ss. In Probate court, held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, within and for said district, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1894.

George B. Davis, administrator upon the estate of James W. Webb, late of Danville, in said district, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased.

Whereupon, it is ordered by said court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the probate office in said St. Johnsbury, on the 29th day of September, A. D. 1894, for hearing and decision thereon. And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Caledonian, a newspaper published at St. Johnsbury previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, Attest:

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

## Presentation of Account.

ALEXANDER HOLMES' ESTATE.  
STATE OF VERMONT, Caledonia District, ss. In Probate court held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, within and for said district, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1894.

James Johnston, executor of the last will and testament of Alexander Holmes, late of Barnet, in said district, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased.

Whereupon, it is ordered by said court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate office in said St. Johnsbury, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1894, for hearing and decision thereon. And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Caledonian, a newspaper published at St. Johnsbury previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, Attest:

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

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